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Wm Brouscombe 23-04

Northern Messenger

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STOP NOW AND SET IT RIGHT FOR THE NEW YEAR.

Stop and Set It Right.

History tells us of a hero who, when an overwhelming force was in full pursuit, and all his armed followers were urging him to more rapid flight, very coolly dismounted in order to repair a flaw in his horse's harness.

While busied with the broken buckle, the distant cloud swept down in nearer thunder, but just as the prancing hoofs and eager spears were ready to dash down upon him, the flaw was mended, the clasp fastened, the steed was mounted, and he vanished from his enemies. The broken buckle would have left him on the field a dismounted and inglorious prisoner. The timely delay sent him in safety back to his cheering comrades.

This is the season when everyone, even though they laughingly disclaim any intention of turning over a new leaf or making good resolutions, must stop and think. Not even the most thoughtless can pass lightly by the dying year. Those who rush on with the new year stopping to make no prayer for strength, not questioning the cause of their weakness in the past nor seeking to set right the wrong done, are like the warrior with his broken buckle. They many seem to be valliant warriors, but there will be no escape for them from the powers of evil and their Prince.

The watchnight service is not held by all churches, some choosing rather to begin the new year with the prayer meeting at sunrise, but everyone should make some time to 'Tarry and watch,' perfecting their armor, gaining new strength for the struggle and storing up a reserve of self-control, courage and power, to use in the service of the Prince of Peace!

A Few Questions.

The year has closed, and before promises are made for the future an examination of the personal past becomes the Christian, as he sits alone with his conscience in the church of which he is a member, or in the prayer-meeting that belongs to him as much as to any other, official or private, or as he sits before his class in the Sunday-school. If he only fills these chairs at the public services he will not likely feel the great weight of responsibility that attaches to him as a servant of the Master and a representative of Christ's working church, but if the review of his life is frequent and his self-examination thorough and often, he will not shrink from the questions that come before him in such solemn procession at the year's end. They are personal questions. Questions with which no one has to do but himself, and which at the peril of his own peace of mind he will not set aside. Here are some of them, and let the answer be to God:

Have I attended to my personal devotions?

Have I remembered every day that I was not my own?

Have I lived each day as I would have lived had I thought that few days remained to me?

Have I attended upon the Lord's Day services with regularity? or have I excused myself for reasons that should now make me ashamed?

Have I met with my brethren and sisters weekly at the prayer-meeting? Or have I left that service to others, and served my own love of pleasure, and thus cultivated a sinful neglect?

Have I taken any interest in the different branches of work in my own church, and in the broader work of the denomination through my church's agency?

Has my class in the Sunday-school learned from my example that religious duties have precedence over all other duties, except in cases of necessity at home or misfortune to others?

Have the members of my class had occasion to think that I cared for anything as much as I cared for their souls?

Have my lessons always been prepared with the leading thought of bringing Christ to those of my class who are unsaved?

Have they, from my example, learned to stay from the school service whenever a slight indisposition might excuse, or a slighter inducement tempt me to absent myself from the class and indulge myself elsewhere?

Have I been reconciled to anyone from whom I was alienated, or tried to reconcile others whom I know to be estranged?

Have I remembered those who needed my help; and called upon those who would have been cheered by sympathy?

Have I forgotten myself, and remembered those whom others would be likely to forget?

Have I visited the fatherless and the widows in their affliction and kept myself unspotted from the world?

Have I the courage and the grace to answer these questions severally and alone before God?

Trust for the New Year.

With open eyes that look on God
  My daily journey I pursue,
I do not dread His lifted rod,
  Why should I fear what love can do?
And if I need that He chastise,
Is He not good as He is wise?

I know, if I but follow Him,
  I shall be safe from harm and make,
Albeit all the way be dim,
  Nor slip, nor failure, nor mistake;
Or, making such, He will ordain
What seems my loss shall prove my gain.
—Caroline Atherton Mason.

'The Lord will Provide.'

'Write deep in your hearts this New Year's day the word of sublime confidence, Jehovah-jireh. It tells you that you can trust God always; that no promise of his ever fails; that he doeth all things well; that out of all seeming loss and destruction of human hopes he brings blessing. You have not passed this way heretofore. There will be sorrows and joys, failures and successes this year, just as there were last year. You cannot forecast individual experiences. You cannot see a step before your feet. Yet Jehovah-jireh calls you to enter the new year with calm trust. It bids you put away all anxieties and forebodings.—"The Lord will provide." '—Rev. J. R. Miller, D.D.

God will not love you any more this year than the past year; he cannot. But the vast difference that this year may hold over the last is that we may come to love God more and understand better his great love for us.

A Happy New Year.

In the first days of a new year we all say to our friends and neighbors, 'A Happy New Year!' Our hearts are full of generous feelings and wishes for all we meet. But what can we do to give them a happy new year? We cannot know what would be the truest and best blessings for our friends.

After all, the only really safe thing is to pray that God may be with them all through the year, and may bless them in his own best and truest way. He knows better than we do what is the best blessing. This was the way Mrs. Browning put it:—

God be with thee, my beloved—God be with thee!
  Else alone thou goest forth
  With thy face unto the north,
Moor and pleasance all around thee and beneath thee,
  Looking equal in one snow!
  While I, who try to reach thee,
  Vainly follow, vainly follow,
  With the farewell and the hallo,
  And cannot reach thee so.
Alas! I can but teach thee—
God be with thee, my beloved—God be with thee!

Concerniug New Leaves.

When Father Time turns one, it brings an odd little thrill even to the most matter-of-fact person. We are like children with a wonderful picture-book, whose next page may show roses or dragons, seraphs or Cinderellas, an ogre gaunt and grim, in his cave of bones, or a fairy god-mother with her wand. Half the charm of it lies in the uncertainty. It was Theocritus who—

'sung
Of the sweet years, the dear and wished-for years,
Who each one in a gracious hand appears
To bear a gift for mortals old and young.'

The years do, indeed, come bearing gifts. Each year, too, brings its renewed opportunities and obligations, and though homilies easily become trite, there is none worth repeating, so obvious is its wisdom.

Do the nearest duty, howsoever humble. It may prove the stepping-stone that will help to better things. If you can conquer your failings one by one, take heart and thank God.

No year can be all sunshine, and never a one but will have its storms. There will be clouds and rain, with clear shining after them. If the new year bring shadows, accept the divine appointment. Remember:

'Too much of joy is sorrowful
  So grief must needs abound;
The vine that bears too many flowers
  Will trail upon the ground.'

If, on the other hand, it bring full brightness, try to share this with some gray life that is perishing for warmth and color. So shall you multiply the glory of good fortune, as a diamond refracts and multiplies the glories of a sun ray. The blessedness of giving is a sacred privilege, whether you distribute smiles or roses, cheery words, or coin of the commonwealth. Who so exercises it abundantly, and with love. will have truly

a happy New Year, will write golden paragraphs upon the white, new leaf.

Metaphor aside, the new leaf of the New Year will bring only the harvest we have sown. Small grains of deed may spring up and bear a hundredfold. If we plant dreams and promises, our portion will be dust and disappointment.—'Harper's Bazar.'

Old-Year Memories.

(Susan E. Gammons, in the 'Christian Endeavor World.')

Let us forget the things that vexed and tried us,
The worrying things that caused our souls to fret;
The hopes that, cherished long, were still denied us
Let us forget.

Let us forget the little slights that pained us,
The greater wrongs that rankle sometimes yet;
The pride with which some lofty one disdained us
Let us forget.

Let us forget our brother's fault and failing,
The yielding to temptation that beset,
That he perchance, though grief be unavailing,
Cannot forget.

But blessings manifold, past all deserving,
Kind words and helpful deeds, a countless throng,
The fault o'ercome, the rectitude unswerving,
Let us remember long.

The sacrifice of love, the generous giving
When friends were few, the hand-clasp warm and strong,
The fragrance of each life of holy living
Let us remember long.

Whatever things were good and true and gracious,
Whate'er of right has triumphed over wrong,
What love of God or man has rendered precious,
Let us remember long.

So, pondering well the lessons it has taught us,
We tenderly may bid the year 'Good-bye,'
Holding in memory the good it brought us,
Letting the evil die.

The Morning Watch

A WORD TO STUDENTS.

(The Rev. Andrew Murray.)

By the observance of the morning watch is commonly meant the spending of at least the first half-hour of every day alone with God, in personal devotional Bible study and prayer.

There are Christians who say that they do not have time to devote a full half-hour to such a spiritual exercise. It is a striking fact that the busiest Christians constitute the class who plead this excuse the least, and most generally observe the morning watch. Any Christian who will honestly and persistently follow this plan for a month or two will become convinced that it is the best possible use of his own time, that it does not interfere with his regular work and that it promotes the wisest economy of time.

In India, in China, in Japan, hundreds of students have agreed to keep the morning watch.

'The practical question for each of us is, Why should not I keep the morning watch? Next to receiving Christ as Saviour and claiming the baptism of the Holy Ghost, we know of no act attended with larger good to ourselves and to others than the formation of an undiscourageable resolution to keep the morning watch.'

These quotations are from an address by John R. Mott. At first sight the closing statement appears too strong. But think a moment, what such a revelation implies.

It means an insight into the folly of attempting to live a heavenly life without rising up into close communion with God in heaven, and receiving from himself the fresh bestowal of spiritual blessings.

It means the faith that time enough be given to God to lay his hands on us, and renew the inflowings of his Spirit, our soul may be so closely united to him that no trials or duties can separate us from him.

It means a purpose to live wholly and only for God, and by the sacrifice of time and ease to prove that we are willing to pay any price to secure the first of all blessings—the presence of God for all the day.

Let us now look again at that sentence 'Next to receiving Christ as our Saviour and claiming the baptism of the Holy Spirit, we know of no act attended with larger good to ourselves or to others than the formation of an undiscourageable resolution to keep the morning watch.' If our acceptance of Christ as Lord and Master was whole-hearted, if our prayer for and claiming of the Holy Spirit to guide and control was sincere, surely there can be no thought of not giving God each day sufficient time, our very best time, for receiving and increasing in us what is indispensable to a life for Christ's glory and in his service.

You tell me there are many Christians who are content with ten minutes or a quarter of an hour. There are, but you will certainly not as a rule find them very strong Christians. And the Students' Movement is pleading with God, above everything, that he would meet to train a race of devoted, whole-hearted young men and women. Christ asked great sacrifices of his disciples; he has perhaps asked little of you as yet. But now he allows, he invites, he longs for you to make some. Sacrifices make strong men. Sacrifices help wonderfully to wrench us away from earth and self-pleasing, and lift us heavenward. Do not try to pare down the time limit of the morning watch to less than the half-hour. There can be no question about the possibility of finding the time. Ten minutes from sleep, ten from company or amusement, ten from lessons. How easy where the heart is light, hungering to know God and his will perfectly!

Students! you know not whether in your future life your time may be more limited, your circumstances more unfavorable, your Christian earnestness feebler. Now is the accepted time. To-day, as the Holy Ghost saith. Listen to the invitation of your brethren in all lands, and fear not to form an undiscourageable resolution to spend at least half an hour each morning 'with God alone.'

Postal Crusade.

We acknowledge, with many thanks, $1 for 'Northern Messenger' from Mr. Peter Garvie, of Kilsyth; $5 for 'Messengers' to be sent a class of girls in India, from six girls in a Sunday-school class of St. Gile's Presbyterian Church, Montreal. The papers have been ordered and the commission used for work in Canada. Among others, a little French girl will be surprised and glad to receive her 'Messenger' every week, and the six girls in India will receive theirs for a Christmas greeting.

With great gratitude the generous gift of $60 is acknowledged. This is from 'Lovers of Missions in Valleyfield,' for Mr. Laflamme, to be used for the salary of a native preacher. Mr. Laflamme will receive this money just at the time the salary will be due. It came exactly in time to catch the mail for India, and all being well, will give the devoted missionary who was praying for this help a refreshing time at Christmas.

Wishing you all the best and brightest for Christmas and New Year's,

Faithfully,
M. EDWARDS-COLE,
112 Irvine Ave.,
Westmount, Que.

ONE OF OUR FRIENDS.

Stella, Dec, 12, 1903.

Dear Sir,—Please find enclosed postal note for the amount of $11.75, being the subscription price for forty-seven copies of the 'Northern Messenger' for another year. Our Sunday-school like the 'Northern Messenger,' and have undertaken to supply every family in the congregation with a copy. Many thanks for the good little paper, for I think it gives many a pleasant hour to its readers. I wish many more would take it. Hope this will reach you in good time, and that you will still continue to print your good little paper for many years to come. Wishing you a Merry Christmas and a Happy and Prosperous New Year, Yours truly,

WILLIAM FLEMING, JR.

When William Lloyd Garrison became a Christian he wanted his Christianity to reach into all details of his life. His hand-writing, for instance, was very poor, and he set out to better it, making every letter with care, so that before long his penmanship became remarkable for its distinctness and beauty. A new start like this even in small things would make us better Christians.

Economy is a virtue, but it may be carried to excess. The great object with money is not to save it, but to use it—use it as under the eye of the great Master. A Christian woman, for example, employs a poorer sister to do certain work for her, and pays her what under the circumstances that work is worth. That amount does not figure in the reports of missionary boards, but it may be just as acceptable to the Lord, for it has ministered to the need 'of one of these his brethren.' It has been given in the only way in which a self-respecting person can receive it. It has been used in ministering to the nesessities of the saints.—'Christian Weekly.'

BOYS AND GIRLS

Number Ten.

A clerk in the messenger office turned from the telephone, and called,

'Number Ten.'

'Yes, sir,' and the boy known by this number went at once to the desk.

'A messenger is wanted immediately at 275 Grand Avenue. Here, I've written it on this card. There was no name given; but the address is sufficient, I suppose. Don't waste a moment; there seems to be need of great haste.'

'All right, sir.'

With these words the boy was off. Down the street he hurried until the reached Grand Avenue. Here he turned, and a few blocks more brought him to the number on the card. When he rang the bell, no one came. Then he ran again, and still the door remained closed. A third time he tried it, and with no better result.

'But I must get in,' he thought. 'I wonder if they don't hear the bell, or what is the matter. They must be shut up in a room where the sound doesn't reach them; so I shall have to keep on trying until it does.'

The next time he pushed the button as hard as he could, and in a moment or two the door flew open, and an angry-looking woman appeared.

'What do you want?' she demanded. 'What do you mean by keeping on ringing a person's bell in that style? Don't you know you're not wanted when no one comes to the door?'

'I am the messenger boy that was 'phoned for,' Number Ten said quietly in return.

'A messenger boy,' the woman repeated; 'we have not sent for any messenger boy.'

'Excuse me, but are you sure?' he asked politely; 'the call was urgent, they said, and I was sent in great haste.'

'Quite sure,' the woman answered in a stiff tone; 'I am the only person in the house at present, and I should be likely to know if I sent for a messenger boy.'

'Certainly, and pardon me for troubling you,' and Number Ten was off before any more could be said.

What should he do now? he wondered. There had been some mistake about the address; that was evident. After a moment's thought he decided to return to the office and see whether he could learn anything further in regard to the call. But there they knew no more about it than he did. The word had come over the telephone to send some one immediately to 275 Grand Avenue. Or so it had been understood. Many were the conjectures as to what the right address might be, but at last those in authority decided that it would be impossible to find out any more about it until the call came again; and, as it was time for lunch, Number Ten was excused.

He made a start, but at the door he hesitated.

'Mr. Wright,' he said to the superintendent, 'would you mind if I didn't go to lunch yet, but tried to find the place?'

'Not hungry, eh?'

'Yes, I am hungry; but I don't like to give up.

'Do as you please, Number Ten; and, if you find the place, let us know.'

There was great doubt in the superintendent's tone, and the boy realized it.

'It does seem impossible, but I want to try,' he said. 'I shouldn't feel right if I didn't.'

Then he hurried out of the office and down the street again. At the corner he paused. 'What address could it have been that sounded like 275 Grand Avenue?' he asked himself. To begin with, it must have been Grand Avenue, for he knew of no other avenue that sounded like it. The mistake was probably in the number.

'275'.

He repeated it several times, looking more and more puzzled. Then suddenly his face brightened with a new idea.

'Yes, that might be it,' he decided; 'at any rate, I'm going to try'; and he hailed the next car that came along, and was soon being taken rapidly down-town.

About two o'clock that afternoon he appeared at the office with triumph written not only on his face, but in every movement of his strong young body.

'Well?' came expectantly from Mr. Wright, for he saw that the boy had a success to tell about.

And there was a glad ring in Number Ten's voice when he answered,

'I found the place!'

'You did? You deserve great credit. Tell me how you managed it.'

'Well, Mr. Wright, I thought and I ought; and all at once it came to me that maybe the person said, "Send to 75 Grand Avenue" instead of 275. I remembered, also, that the houses in that neighborhood were inhabited by a better class of people, who would be more likely to send for a messenger than they would be in the two hundreds, where there are far poorer people. Anyway, I went to No. 75 Grand Avenue. A girl is visiting there, who was taken very sick last night, and they wanted me to go for her mother, who lives way up out of town where there are no telephones. There was nobody in the house who could be spared to go, and they said they didn't want to frighten the mother with a telegram. Besides, she was a nervous lady who never travelled alone, and they wanted me to bring her there. They were so glad to see me, too. I explained how I came to be delayed, and of course had to tell how I studied out the message, and they were as grateful as could be.'

"I FOUND THE PLACE!"

'And you took the mother there?'

'Yes, sir.'

'And now you're half-starved?'

'Something like that,' the boy admitted with a laugh.

'Well, you've earned your lunch to-day,' Mr. Wright said when Number Ten was about to start for home; 'and don't hurry—take plenty of time over it.'

When Number Ten had gone, the superintendent turned to the clerks who were near, and remarked:

'That lad is likely to become not only a successful man, but a noble man as well. I wish we had more of his kind.'—'Junior C.E. World.'

Elsie's New Year.

(Howe Benning, in 'Advance.')

'I wish I could live an entirely unselfish life on New Year's Day,' said Elsie Sheldon. 'I wish I could make of it a day full of thought for others, and with no thought for self. I believe that if I could it would influence every day of the year to come, and the seed planted might bring a rich harvest. I would like to make the first day of the year one that the Master would smile upon and approve.'

It had been a little hard for Elsie to say just this. It was never easy for her to speak out her real thought, and then, just beside her, sat Fannie Dewey, and Fannie had but recently returned from a fashionable boarding school, and, in point of style and dress and culture, was quite the admired of the village. Now, as Elsie sat down she could not avoid stealing a side glance at her neighbor. There was a bit of a smile on Fannie's lips, and Elsie fancied the curve was a little sarcastic.

'I cannot help it,' she thought. 'I suppose it seemed very small to her, but it seemed to be just what he wanted me to say,' sturdily, and then she forgot it.

New Year came on Wednesday, and on Tuesday night Elsie went to bed with her head full of plans. Some way her week of thought and prayer had seemed to bring her really but one idea and that was about the poor-house, standing a little beyond the village limits, where the town poor, about twenty or so, found a home that was decent, and that was all. She had heard of crippled Jim and blind Jane and Captain Tom, and many others. She had even waited at the gate, and looked with wondering interest at the many bare windows of the forlorn, dreary building. Now she longed to do something for its inmates. Her monthly allowance of two dollars would be paid her that morning. Her father had promised her the horse and cutter for a drive. Then, with the silver dollars changed into paper bags, containing treasures of fruits and nuts and simple candies, she could go abroad to the forlorn house carrying cheer and brightness. Surely God had given her that thought. It was so plain to her. For the early morning there were other ministries, and in a serene and peaceful state of mind she sank to slumber.

She awakened earlier than usual, with a sudden start, as though a piece of lead had fallen upon her forehead. She was restless and uncomfortable, too, and the lead seemed to be settling down as if to stay. She moved a little, and something seemed out of order below her throat. She raised her eyelids in the darkness, and several needles seemed to be stabbed into the balls. The clock below sounded, and she counted out six slow strokes. A rooster in the back yard set up a signal crow.

Yes, New Year had come, and it had brought to her one of her rare but exacting sick headaches. She knew what it meant: all day long in a darkened room; hours of severe sickness, of utter indifference to anything; then, creeping in with the twilight, a blessed freedom from pain—and rest. But the day would be done; the day over which she had hoped and prayed, and it would be all lost to her.

'Lost,' she groaned to her pillow, 'and I thought God was giving me all my thought for it,' and the scalding tears would come, though every one cost the poor head a pang.

'And you can't go to Aunt Sadie's to dinner,' ten-year-old Benny wailed; 'ain't that dreadful!'

'Mother, you must go,' she exclaimed.

'What! and leave you? No, indeed,' mother replied.

But Elsie knew how the busy, overworked mother enjoyed these rare outings, and she insisted. 'I shall be over my worst and ready to sleep by two o'clock,' she said, 'and Nora is kind, so promise me to keep my head from worrying.'

The children were all at home and trying their lungs for the New Year, but, Elsie thought, 'I promised to be unselfish. God did not want me to be anywhere else, so I must practise here,' and she stuffed cotton in her ears and heard faintly.

The sickness had all gone in the time allotted, but Elsie feigned drowsiness when mother stooped for the good-bye, and then worried through the remaining hours of daylight as bravely as she could, often whispering to her sore heart some lines she had recently learned:

'He sends the disappointment? Well,
then, take it from His hand,
Shall God's appointment seem less good
than what thyself had planned?'

'But I cannot understand,' softly to herself.

The blessed twilight came at last, and with it sleep and ease. Mother looked in quietly, but the children remained at auntie's. By and by, mother came again.

'All right now, mamma.'

'Ready for a caller, dear?'

'Who?'

'Fannie Dewey wants to come in.'

'Oh, indeed, yes! Give me my pink sack, please. I am so glad.'

So Fannie, in her dainty wool and rich furs, made a pretty picture for the tired eyes to greet, but even then she did not see all the blessing.

'And you, poor dear, you have been just lying here all day and suffering, while I have been having such a good time, living out your day, as I called it,' Fannie said after a little.

'Why, what do you mean?'

'Don't you remember telling us last Sunday evening what kind of a day you meant to make of this?'

'Yes, but—'

'And I thought it was such a lovely plan, and all day I have been trying to make it unselfish and full of joy for others; and, Elsie, I wanted to come and tell you to-night that it has been the happiest day I ever had in my life, and to thank you for it.'

'Oh, Fannie!'

'I know my right hand ought not to know,' the girl went on, 'but, you see, really, this was your right hand, so we will talk it over. You know Jack Dempsey, how long he has been sick with rheumatism. I thought of him, and after breakfast I carried him a basket of grapes and oranges. Oh, how poor the family are! And he seemed to think they would taste good. On my way back I passed old Mrs. Brown's—that blind lady on Union street. Her husband was a minister, you know. And I ran in to see her. She is well cared for, but her niece is a teacher and gone all day, so she hears little reading, so I stayed two hours and read 'Enoch Arden' through to her, and that old lady found wonderful things between the lines, so I got far the most from that.

'Our dinner was at one o'clock, and papa said then that I could have the horses and two-seated sleigh and Dick for the afternoon.

'"Whom will you take?" asked mamma. I surprised her by saying I would like to take some people that did not get rides often.

'"Better go to the poor-house, then," said papa, in that queer way of his.

'And Elsie, I did just that. Why, Elsie, how your eyes shine! Are you glad? I went three times. My first load was blind Jane and Fatty, and old Mrs. Crow, and that dear, patient Hulda that used to be a nurse, you know. How she did enjoy it! I gave them all a whirl about town, to see the shop windows and the people, and I think that everybody I knew in town was out. I let Jane out at the church where they were practising on the organ, and called for her next trip, and she said she had got something that would last her all the year. Oh, I had a lovely time, and all thanks to you, you darling! I never should have thought of it myself. Now I must go. We are going to have company this evening.'

She was gone. The day was gone, too; but Elsie lay in the firelight and happy smiles chased away the tears of joy.

'For, after all,' she whispered, 'He did hear me. Now I know how wise he is, for it has been not only for one but for two, such a happy New Year.'

Sheaves Waiting to be Garnered.

Walking along the street one morning, I saw a lady, a member of my church, just leaving her house, and I supposed that she would probably be absent half an hour or more—long enough for me to accomplish what I had often desired. She was a very young woman, a member of her family, who was very beautiful and reputed to be quite gay, to whom I had sometimes spoken of religion, but I had never found any opportunity to speak to her 'alone.' I had thought that she was embarrassed and somewhat confused by the presence of this lady, whenever I had mentioned the subject of religion to her, and therefore I was glad to seize this opportunity to see her alone—such an opportunity as I thought the lady indisposed to furnish me.

I rang the bell, and the young woman soon met me in the parlor. I then felt some little embarrassment myself, for I had rushed into this enterprise through an unexpected occurrence and without much premeditation of the manner in which it would be most wise for me to proceed. I expected a cold reception, if not a repulse. I deemed her a very careless, volatile girl. I thought she would be unwilling to have me urge the claims of religion upon her, and the idea that much depended upon the manner in which

I should commence embarrassed me for a moment. But I soon came to the conclusion that I owed it to honesty and truth, to my own reputation for frankness, and to my young friend herself, to tell her plainly what was my intention in then calling to see her. I did so in the most direct manner possible.

'I am very glad to see you,' said she. 'I have wanted to see you for quite a good while; for I want to tell you of my feelings. I thank you for thinking of me, and being so kind as to come and see me. I should have gone to your house many a time, when you have so often invited persons like me; but when the hour came my courage always failed me, for I did not know what to say to you. I am in trouble, and know not what to do; I am very glad of this opportunity.' She opened to me her whole heart in the most frank and confiding manner. Among other things she said—

'I know I have been a thoughtless girl' (while her voice trembled and tears dimmed her eyes) 'I have been gay, and have done many things you would condemn, I suppose; but, my dear minister, I have been urged into gaiety when my heart was not there. I do not believe I am such a girl as they think I am—may I say, as you think I am? I know I have a wicked heart, and have too much forgotten God; but I have often wondered what there is about me that makes my religious friends think that I care for nothing but——' She sprang from her seat, clasped her hands upon her face, and hurried out of the room, sobbing aloud.

In a few moments she returned. 'I know you will pardon me for this,' said she, the tears still coursing down her cheeks. 'I do not wish to make any excuse for my sins, nor do I wish to blame anyone for supposing me thoughtless; but I am sure I want to be led in the right way. I am ready to do all you tell me. I hope I can yet be saved.'

'Certainly you can be, my child.'

'Then tell me, sir, what to do.'

I did tell her, and left her one of the most grateful and affectionate creatures that ever lived.

I took my leave of her and found myself again in the street. My first emotion was gladness, the second, shame, for I was ashamed of myself that I had just been thinking of that young girl so differently, from what she deserved, and that I should have gone into her presence and opened my lips to her with no more faith in God. The next reflection was how much more common than we are apt to think are the influences of the Holy Spirit. God does often what we never give him credit for doing. The influences of the Holy Spirit are more common than our unbelief allows us to think.

The inquiry then came into my mind, may there not be others of my congregation who would welcome me also? I stopped in my tracks, and looked around me for another house to enter. I saw one; I rang the bell, and asked for the elder of two sisters, a girl of about nineteen, I suppose, and reputed to be very fond of gaiety. She soon met me, and I immediately told her why I had come.

'And I thank you for coming,' said she. 'I am glad you have spoken to me about religion. Why did you not do it before? I could not go to your house. I know it is my duty to seek Christ, and I do want to be a Christian.'

After some conversation with her, in the whole of which she was very frank, and in the course of which she became very solemn, I asked for her sister.

'Yes, sir, I will call her. I was going to ask you to see her; but don't tell her anything about me.'

Her sister came; and as the elder one was about to leave the room, I begged the younger one's permission for her to remain, stating to her at the same time why I had asked to see her. She consented, and the elder sister remained, I thought, gladly.

I then stated to the younger my message, and having explained her condition to her as a sinner, and explained the great mercy of God through Jesus Christ, I was urging her to accept the proffered salvation, when she became much affected; she turned pale, covered her face with her hands. 'I will try to seek God,' she said, sobbing aloud. The elder sister, who had delicately taken her seat behind her, so as not to be seen by her, clasped her hands together, overcome with her emotions, and lifted her eyes to heaven, while the tears of gladness coursed down her beautiful cheeks as she sat in silence and listened to us.

I prayed with them and soon found myself again in the street.

I immediately entered another house in like manner and for the same reason as before, and another unconverted sinner met me with the same mingled gladness and anxiety, manifesting the same readiness to seek the Lord.

By this time I had given up all thought of finishing a sermon which was to have been completed that day; for if I could find among my unconverted parishioners such instances of readiness and desire to see me, I thought my duty called me to leave my study and my sermons to take care of themselves, and to trust in God for the preparation I should be able to make for the pulpit on the coming Lord's day. I therefore went to another house, and inquired for another acquaintance, who was not a member of the church. I did not find her. But in the next house after that, which I entered, I found another of my young friends, who told me she never had paid any particular attention to the demands and offers of the Gospel, but that she would 'neglect it no longer.' 'I will, sir, attend to my salvation,' said she, 'as well as I know how.'

Here, then, I had found five young persons, in the course of a few hours, all of whom were 'almost persuaded to be Christians.' They all afterwards became the hopeful subjects of grace, and within six months of that morning were received as members of that church. I knew them all intimately for years, prayerful, happy Christians.

The strivings of the Holy Spirit are more common than we think. If unconverted sinners would improve these secret calls, none of them would be lost. These persons had been awakened before. Probably at this time, as formerly, they would have gone back again to indifference, had not their seriousness been discovered and confirmed. It is important to 'watch for souls.'—From 'A Pastor's Sketches.'

The Living Water.

MR. HUDSON TAYLOR'S EXPERIENCE.

I should like to give a few words of personal testimony. It was in a time of deep spiritual need when alone in inland China, that I was painfully conscious that I was not living all that I was trying to teach the Chinese. Struggling for victory, too often I found myself defeated, until I asked myself whether I ought not to cease to preach, and retire from missionary work. Fasting, prayer, meditation on the Word, all I could think of seemed powerless to help me, when one afternoon I came, in the usual course of my reading, to John iv. This chapter had always been ancient history to me, and as such was loved and appreciated, but that afternoon for the first time it became a present message to my soul. No one could have been more thirsty, and I there and then accepted the gracious invitation, and asked and received the Living Water, believing, not from any present feeling, but because for his promise, the testimony of his own Word, that my thirsty days were all passed. That same evening I took, without reluctance, my usual Bible-reading with the Chinese, and spoke freely, but without being specially conscious of power. At breakfast the next morning, however, I learned that one of my hearers had been brought into such deep conviction of sin as to pass the night without sleep; and from that day my ministry was owned of God as it had not been for some time before.

Some months later I passed through a time of great sorrow and trial—the death of a beloved child, the sending home of three others, and the most trying time in China through which our beloved Mission had ever passed, bringing innumerable difficulties and perplexities—but it was also a time of deepened spiritual joy and rest, and of experience that my Saviour was sufficient for every emergency. In Tien-tsin the Sisters of Mercy, and the French priests and consul had been massacred, and in all our inland stations there was excitement and peril. Almost daily I had letters from some group of workers asking for guidance, and wondering whether to stay or leave the station, as work, for the time being, was impossible. I knew not what to advise, but in each case, like Hezekiah, I spread the letters before the Lord and trusted him to teach me how to reply to them. There was no conscious revelation, but in every instance I was guided to reply in the way that led to the best results, and I sent each letter off in the joyful peace of knowing that I had asked and he had granted the wisdom that is profitable to direct. Just at this crisis my dear wife had an attack of cholera, from which she rallied with difficulty; a little one was born and only lived a fortnight, a wet-nurse not being procurable in that time of excitement. But again the Living Water proved sufficient for her and me. The very evening after the funeral of the baby my precious wife had an attack of syncope, from which she did not fully recover, and early the next morning she too was taken. Then I understood why the Lord had made this passage so real to me. An illness of some weeks followed, and, oh! how lonesome at times were the weary hours when confined to my bed; how I missed my dear wife, and the little patter-

ing footsteps of the children far away in England. Perhaps twenty times in a day, as I felt the heart-thirst coming back to me again, I cried to the Lord, 'You promised me that I should never thirst,' and at once the Lord came and more than satisfied my sorrowing heart, so that I often wondered whether it were possible that my loved one who had been taken could be enjoying a fuller revelation of his presence than I in the loneliness of my chamber. He had literally fulfilled the prayer—

'Lord Jesus, make Thyself to me
A living, bright reality;
More present to faith's vision keen
Than any earthly object seen;
More dear, more intimately nigh
Than e'en the sweetest human tie.'

—'China's Millions.'

Saved in a Basket, or Daph and Her Charge.

CHAPTER II.—Concluded.

The energy that had borne Daph through her hour of trial, seemed to desert her now that her object was attained, and she sank down beside the little ones, sobbing like a child. She felt herself a poor, helpless, ignorant creature, going she knew not whither, and having assumed a charge she knew not how to fulfil.

'De great Lord, dat missus loves, can take care of us!' thought the humble negro; 'he can give poor Daph sense to mind de babies!'

In her ignorance she knew not how to pray, but she leaned in simple faith upon the source of strength, and found consolation.

In half an hour after the arrival of Daph on board the 'Martha Jane,' the trim little vessel was speeding on her homeward course.

Captain Jones walked the deck in deep meditation, while from their various positions his crew watched him with curious glances. The sailors well knew that Daph was still on board, but no one had dared to question the captain's orders for putting instantly out to sea.

Jeremiah Jones was a thorough republican when at home in good old Massachusetts, but once on board the 'Martha Jane' he ruled with the despotic power of the Emperor of all the Russias. His crew were accustomed to submission, and murmuring was never heard among them. They had indeed no cause for discontent, for Captain Jones was kind-hearted and high-principled, and he wisely ruled his little realm.

The good Captain had acted upon a sudden impulse, but now came a time for sober reflection.

'If the darkey has not told the truth,' so reasoned he, 'what has Jeremiah Jones been doing? He has kidnapped a valuable servant and carried off two children belonging to a man who has the power and wealth to make Jeremiah suffer for his madness. The thing has been done publicly, and these fellows of mine may think it for their interest to deliver me up as soon as I set foot in old Boston!'

These meditations did not seem to increase the peace of mind of the worthy New Englander. He walked the deck impatiently for a few minutes, and then drew near the objects of his anxious thought.

He put aside the canvas curtain, and stood for a moment in the clear moonlight, watching the sleepers. Daph had thrown her arm protectingly round the basket, and curled about it as if conscious of her great charge, even in the deep slumber into which she had fallen. That long, earnest look set the perturbed mind of the captain at rest, and again the unwonted tears filled his gray eyes.

A state of indecision could not last long in such a mind as that of Captain Jones, and his usually prompt, authoritative manner suddenly returned to him. He seized a trumpet, and gave a shout of 'All hands on deck,' which soon brought his eager crew about him.

IN A TWINKLING DAPH HAD TORN OFF THE COVER.

In a few words he told Daph's fearful story, and then, throwing aside the awning, he exposed to view the sleeping forms of the negro and little ones, as he said:—

'I have pledged myself to be a friend to those whom God has sent me to take care of, my men; but if there is one among you who doubts that faithful creature's story, or who is afraid to lend a hand to save those sweet throats from the murdering knives of those black rascals on shore, let him stand out here and speak for himself. Let him take a boat and put out for the island while it is yet in sight. We don't want him here. He shall have his wages and bounty, too, for the master he serves is likely to give him little comfort in the long run. Speak out, men, will you all stand by me, or go ashore?'

Every voice joined in the hearty cheer with which the captain's words were received. Rough hands were stretched out towards him, and he responded to their warm grasp with a hearty shake, as one by one the men came up to give him this token of their determination to help him in the good work he had begun.

The cheer that was so welcome to the ear of Captain Jones had quite a different effect upon poor Daph. She sprang to her feet in wild alarm, and, placing herself in front of her darlings, stood ready to do battle in their behalf.

The men drew back, and Captain Jones hastened to explain to Daph the hearty expression of goodwill towards her, which had risen spontaneously from the crew of the 'Martha Jane.'

Daph's apprehensions were soon quieted, and at the suggestion of the captain, she prepared to remove her darlings from their strange resting-place to one of the small staterooms below.

The children did not wake while she laid them gently in the berth, and stretched herself beside them on the floor. Daph began to be troubled at the soundness of their long-continued sleep. She raised herself, and crouching near them, she watched them with ever-increasing uneasiness.

Captain Jones was on deck, giving a last

look to see that all was right before retiring for the night, when Daph came hastily up to him, and, laying her hand beseechingly on his arm, she said:

'Oh, Captain! I'se a-feared I'se just killed my pretty ones! Dey do sleep so. Dem was such little pills, dey didn't seem as if dey could be so might powersome!'

'Pills!' said the captain, with a start; 'what have you given them?'

'I jus' don't know myself,' said Daph, desperately. 'Daph had de ear-ache mighty bad last week, and missus, dear creeter—she was always so kind—she gibs me two little pills, and she says, "Here, Daph, you take dese when you goes to bed, and you will sleep so sound, de pain will all go away!" I says, "Tankee, missus," of course, and she goes up to de house quite satisfied. Daph nebber did take no doctor's stuff, so I puts de little pills in my pocket, and just roasts an orange soft, and ties it warm outside my ear, and goes to bed, and sleeps like a lizard. Now, when I thinks of putting de children in de basket, something says to me, "you gib dem dose little pills, Daph; dey'll make 'em sleep sound 'nough." So I'se jus' did like a poor, foolish darkey.' Here Daph began to cry piteously.

Captain Jones went immediately to the cabin.

The natural color and healthy breathing of the little sleepers soon assured him that all was right.

'Courage!' old girl!' said the captain, cheerily, 'turn in yourself, and I'll warrant you the youngsters will be none the worse for your doctoring!'

Thus, consoled, Daph lay down again beside her charge, and the silence of deep sleep soon prevailed, not only in the little stateroom, but throughout the 'Martha Jane,' save when the measured steps of the watch sounded out through the stillness of the night.

(To be continued.)

Shall We Close the Door to the Children?

'Yesterday after the wee tots had finished their play on our verandah, I brought out a set of short letters that had been written by the children of an American Sabbath-school class,' writes Mrs. Gates, of Sholapur. 'All the children were deeply interested. As I read of the way in which some of the children had earned money to send for little Myna's support, I glanced up and Myna's eyes were full of tears. Ah! I thought, there is a grateful little heart. Myna is about seven years old. Her father was of the Wani caste (merchant) so was rather high up. The first day Myna was with us it was sad, and yet amusing, to see the wee, nude child draw herself away from the sweet, clean little ones who had been here longer, saying, "Don't touch me, don't you know I am a Wani?" She ate no food the first day. Three days later, in the little Sunday-school gathered on my verandah, Myna was seen sitting with her arms around the neck of a little low-caste boy! She is very affectionate.

'One time when a circus was in town, the children had heard about a lion that was caged there. Chattering away to me in great excitement the children told me that the big boys said: "If you are naughty, the lion will come and eat you all up." Little Krisna, a sweet little chap of four or five, who was holding my finger in his chubby fist, looked up at me and said, "Will he eat us?" I said, "Why, he is in a cage, and cannot get out, how can he come here?" "If he should get out, would he come here and eat us"? "If he comes here, you tell him you are Madam Sahib's boys and he will let you alone." With this they were all satisfied, and their fears allayed, went dancing about telling each other with delight, how they should tell the "Big Lion" that they were my boys. I then told that God was always watching over them, and they need not be afraid.

'Unless we find new friends for some of these orphans, they must go to the streets.

'You may like a glimpse of what outsiders say of the work you are doing for the orphans. A lady visitor writes from Armenia:—

'"I never hear a despondent word, I never see a discouraged look. In the conduct of the school, as I see it being carried out, that which strikes me most forcibly is the due subordination of everything to the central purpose, which is the development of Christian character in all these girls, and the actual use of their Christian life in service."

'The Government Inspector of schools, visiting the orphanage at Sirur, India, was exceedingly pleased with the work in clay and carving, as well as with that in straw and aloe fibre, used mostly for carpets in green and white, red and black. He writes as follows:—"I had the pleasure of visiting, a few days ago, one of the most interesting institutions I have seen in India. Mr. Winsor's Industrial School, full of busy orphans, is certainly run on model lines, and it is not surprising that the boys trained in it get good places on leaving. The work which the boys turn out even when in school speaks for itself. Mr. Winsor's work and experiments in connection with the growth and manufacture of aloe fibre are both interesting and valuable, and it would not be surprising if in this the foundation of an important industry had been laid. Mr. Winsor's gifts of organization are seen in every department of the finely equipped institution, and everyone interested in industry in India must wish him and it every success."

'It costs only $25 a year in Turkey and $20 in India to care for one of these orphans.'

Wait a Minute.

I once had a boy in my printing-office who was both faithful and industrious, yet I had to discharge him. He would not respond promptly when called. If he was reading he waited until he finished the page. If he was setting type he waited until he had finished the line. In my business—in fact, in most businesses—when a boy is called he is wanted instantly. A half minute's delay sometimes causes great inconvenience, not to mention the constant annoyance of having to wait and perhaps keep all the office force waiting.

Many another boy has lost his position, and perhaps his opportunity in life, because he was slow to respond when called to his work. Do you know where it is that boys form this habit of delay? At home. Do you know what boy it is that gets into it? It is the 'Wait-a-minute' boy—that is, the boy who when told by his father or mother to get some wood, a pail of water, or to run an errand, always answers, 'Wait a minute.'

One of the most desirable habits any boy can have is to respond instantly when called to his work. It is a habit, too, that can be cultivated readily. If a boy will make himself do at once whatever he is told to do, by the time he is grown he will have formed a habit that will make him prompt and exact, and will add greatly to the value of his work.—'S. S. Advocate.'

Many a young business man will be received into partnership this new year, and will be proud and happy. But long ago the Lord of the universe offered to take you and me into partnership with him. If we have not yet accepted the great offer, this New Year's time is the best time to do it.

Any one of the many articles in 'World Wide' will give three cents' worth of pleasure. Surely, ten or fifteen hundred such articles during the course of a year are well worth a dollar.

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'World Wide.'

A weekly reprint of articles from leading journals and reviews reflecting the current thought of both hemispheres.

So many men, so many minds. Every man in his own way.—Terence.

The following are the contents of the issue of Dec. 12, of 'World Wide':

ALL THE WORLD OVER.

Why Japan Wants Corea—'Collier's Weekly,' New York.
Japanese Views—Tokio Correspondent of the 'Times,' London.
Growth of Japan's Navy—By Archibald S. Hurd, in the 'North American Review.'
Japanese Heroes—The New York 'Sun.'
Australia's First Federal Parliament—The Australasian 'Review of Reviews.'
President Roosevelt's Message—The Brooklyn 'Daily Eagle,' the New York 'Evening Post.'
Old French Days in Panama—The Atlanta 'Constitution.'
Professor Bassett on the Race Problem—The 'Outlook,' New York.
Free Speech in the South—The Brooklyn 'Daily Eagle.'
Free Food League—The Duke of Devonshire—English Papers.
England's Leading Economist on the Fiscal Question—English Papers.
A Strong Conservative Free Trader—Liverpool 'Daily Post.'
Remote Spectators of the Strife—The Australasian 'Review of Reviews.'
The Net Result of the Fiscal Controversy—C. W. M., in the 'Spectator,' London.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.

To Destroy the Unworthy—The 'Evening Post,' New York.
The 'Parsifal' Controversy—The Springfield 'Republican.'

CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY.

Sorrow, my Sorrow—Poem, by William Dean Howells, in 'Harper's Magazine,' New York.
Circassian Song, from Lermontov—By J. S. Phillimore, in the 'Speaker,' London.
Mr. Carman's Prose—The New York 'Times Saturday Review.'
The Literature of the People—By G. K. Chesterton, in the 'Christian World,' London.
Fanny Burney—By W. L. Courtney, in the 'Daily Telegraph,' London.

HINTS OF THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

Applied Science and Social Control—By Michael E. Sadler, M.A., in 'St. George,' continued.
Herbert Spencer—Passing of one of England's Greatest Thinkers—By Prof. James, of Harvard, in the New York 'Evening Post.'
The Heavens in December—By Henry Norris Russell, Ph.D., in the 'Scientific American,' New York.
Science Notes.

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An Acrostic
Hark! the bells are ringing sweet,
Answering up and down the street.
Passers-by each other greet,
Paying courtly compliment,
Young and old on pleasure bent
Now these wishes old and new,
Every one, I wish for you,
With a loving heart and true.
Yours be every blessing bright;
Every blossom of delight,
All good angels guide you, dear,
Round the sunny circling Year!
Spring
Summer
Autumn
Winter

Harold's Birthday in California.

(May Bell, in 'Congregationalist.')

No one in the family had any difficulty in remembering Harold's birthday, for he was born with the New Year. He seemed a little fellow to be remembered on so large a day, but of course he will soon get over that.

It happened that he was in California with his father and mother when the last day of the year came, and while other people were thinking thoughts that always come when the year is at an end, Harold was looking forward to a birthday in the new land.

'Please wake me early, grandpa,' he said, 'I want to see the sun paint the mountains the first thing in the morning.'

'All right,' said his grandfather, who was waiting for his good-night kiss. 'There'll be no trouble about that. We'll wake you good and early, never fear.'

But Harold needed no waking. About two minutes after his birthday and the New Year began, a cannon cracker exploded in the street and soon the bells were ringing. When he rose from his bed and ran to the window there was a crowd in the street, though the clock on the shelf said only a quarter past twelve.

Harold rubbed his eyes in wonder. He had never been up at midnight before, and when his mamma came in and kissed him and wished him a happy New Year, as if it were a matter of course for a boy of six to be getting up at midnight, he began to think it was good fun. 'I wonder if it's because it is my birthday. His father laughed at that and told him that this was the way the people celebrated New Years Day. He looked out and saw the people in the street, and it was a long time before he got to sleep again.

They woke him again at daybreak, and he saw the sun on the mountains and after breakfast was eager to start on the drive which his father had promised him.

The road to Pasadena was full of carriages of every sort full of people going to help celebrate the Tournament of Roses. Harold thought it was like fairyland as he sat between his father and grandfather in the carriage and saw the procession of moving flowers. Every pole along the street was hung with palm branches. Flags were waving, some of them the buff and blue, which are the tournament colors, and some the stars and stripes.

First came the horses of the advance guard, stepping proudly under garlands of roses and carnations wreathed with smilax. Next were automobiles completely hidden by feathery pampas plumes. Then came tallyhos, autos, floats, bicycles, donkeys and ponies, covered with roses, pinks, callas, palms, smilax, pepper branches and bamboo, and carrying school children, firemen, Chinese, Indians, cowboys. It was like a dream of odd folks and beautiful flowers.

There was one small brass cannon drawn by four little donkeys, each with a boy on his back, and two boys on the gun carriage; and this Harold liked best of all, although the Chinese children were interesting. But his little sister Gladys thought the basket of roses with a little girl in the middle driving the big white doves was best of all, and next to this the white float with the Maypole and the children around it.

The day seemed like June, with a cloudless sky. Harold thought of the snowy street and the sleighride of his last birthday. It seemed impossible that people in the East were shivering with cold while the sun was so warm and all along the country roads people were picnicking as they drove home. When night came he was tired, but happy. 'It's the beautifulest birthday I ever saw,' he told his mother as she kissed him good-night; and he dropped off to sleep, as a tired boy should, to dream of riding on a donkey with a wreath of roses round its neck and a big brass cannon just behind.

The Magical Door.

(Margaret E. Sangster, in 'Harper's Young People.')

There's a door in the wall of the ages—
A door that no man sees;
For the Angel who writes in the Book of Time
Is the keeper of the keys.
Once in the year it opens,
At the solemn midnight hour,
When the children sleep, and the old clocks keep
Awake in the tall church tower.

And then, as it swings on its hinges,
Whoever might peer inside
Would catch a glimpse of the centuries
That behind in the silence hide.
Egypt and Rome and Tyre,
All in that mythical place
Where the old years rest that were once possessed
By the wonderful human race.

The shadowy door swings open,
And a pilgrim enters in,
Bowed with a twelve-months' struggle

In this world of strife and sin.
Waft him a farewell greeting;
He will pass no more this way—
This weary year who must disappear
In the haven of Yesterday.

The door still swingeth open,
And outward another comes,
With a stir of banners and bugles
And the beat of friendly drums
His hands are full of beauty—
The cluster, the song, the sheaf,
The snowflake's wing, and the budding spring,
And the foam on the crested reef.

This is the New Year, darlings,
Oh! haste to give him cheer.
Only the Father knoweth
The whole of his errand here.
This is the New Year, darlings;
A year for work and play,
For doing our best, and for trusting the rest
To the Maker of night and day.

'A Thank-Offering in India.'

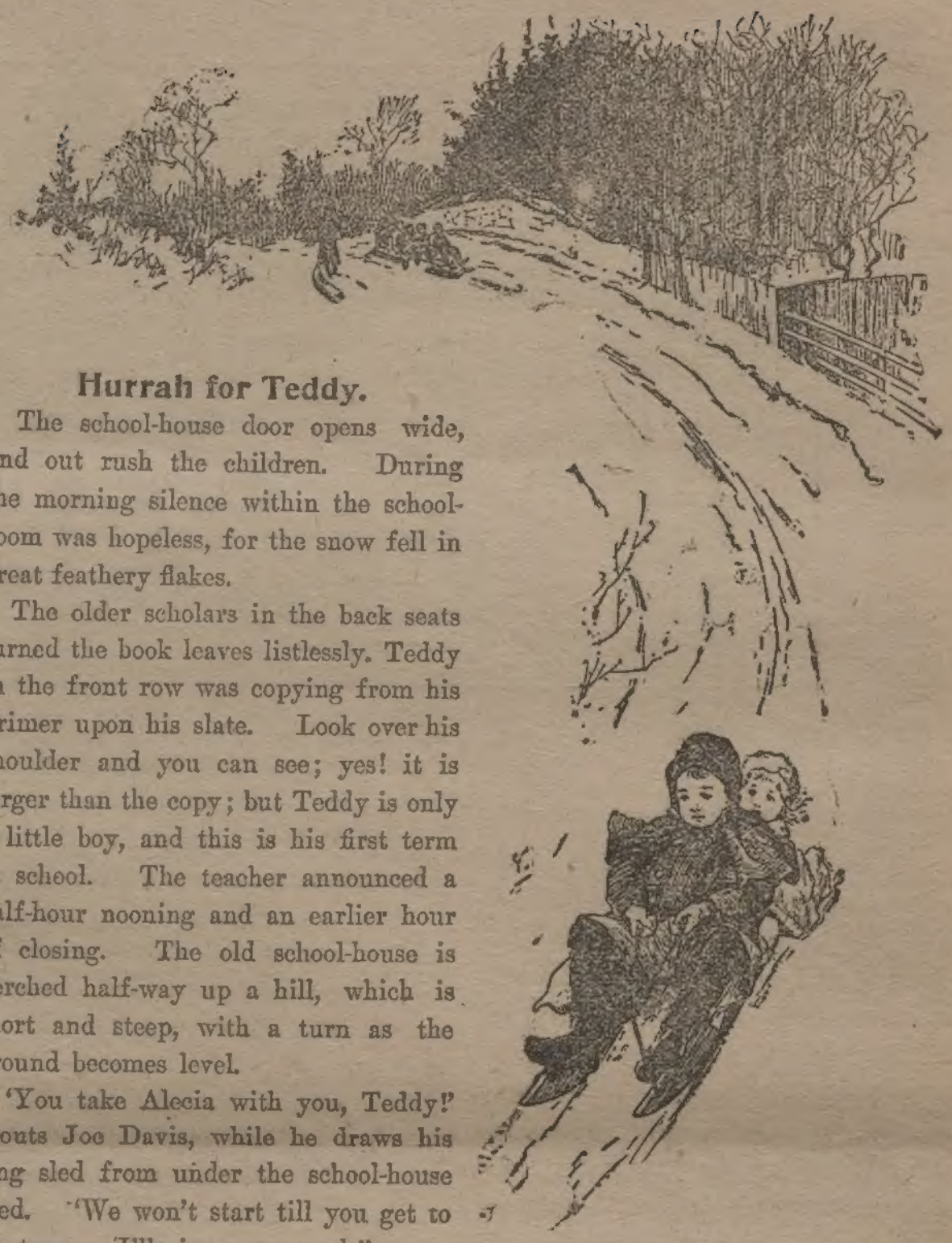
Miss Lilaviti Singh, the little Hindu woman now in this country, tells of a Thank-offering in India.

Miss Budden has a school in North India, and she talked to her pupils about free-will and thank-offerings. The girls looked at each other sadly, for they had no money to give, but they wished to give a silver offering; so they asked permission to go into the fields and work after their lessons were over. They also wished to give up the meat which they had only twice a week.

For six weeks they worked hard and denied themselves in this way, and finally came the day when, with the little native church, they could have their Thank-offering day. They made a large cross of palm leaves, bearing the words, 'Victory to Jesus,' and decorated the church in other ways.

Sheets were spread in front of the pulpit to receive their gifts, and upon these were spread the offerings of meat, rice, vegetables and small coin. The minister, whose salary was only ten dollars a month, and who had a wife and four children to support, gave a fatted calf. The contributions in all amounted to more than thirty dollars, including the 'Silver Offering' earned by the school-girls. And what joyful sacrifice—what genuine thanksgiving it represented!

Shall we not give as gladly from our abundance?—'Children's Messenger.'



Hurrah for Teddy.

The school-house door opens wide, and out rush the children. During the morning silence within the school-room was hopeless, for the snow fell in great feathery flakes.

The older scholars in the back seats turned the book leaves listlessly. Teddy in the front row was copying from his primer upon his slate. Look over his shoulder and you can see; yes! it is larger than the copy; but Teddy is only a little boy, and this is his first term at school. The teacher announced a half-hour nooning and an earlier hour of closing. The old school-house is perched half-way up a hill, which is short and steep, with a turn as the ground becomes level.

'You take Alecia with you, Teddy!' shouts Joe Davis, while he draws his long sled from under the school-house shed. 'We won't start till you get to the turn. I'll give you a push!'

So Teddy, the youngest boy in the school, goes sliding down the hill. Little Alecia, her golden curls blown from under her hood, clings tightly to his shoulders. Teddy's full brown eyes look straight ahead. At first the sled wavers, then it shoots straight onward. Swiftly it moves round the turn.

Teddy sees down the road a light sleigh and Uncle Ned's young horse plunging and running toward him. Without a word he gives a quick pull on the rope that sends the sled into the snow beside the road. Leaving Alecia half buried, he frees himself and hurries back.

'If they should meet at the turn,' is the thought that urges on the little fellow. He catches a glimpse of the long double-runner sled. It is coming and he tries to shout; but his voice sounds very small and Joe Davis does not hear him. He waves his hat and shouts, 'A team! a team!' Then the sled veers sharply to the right, and the sleigh dashes by.

'No one hurt,' Uncle Ned says, as the children crowd round the sleigh by the school-house door. 'What might have happened if Teddy had not thought!'

He stoops and gathers snowy little Teddy up in his arms. 'The future holds her rarest gifts for any boy who thinks and acts at just the right time.'

What are your hands for—little hands?
'To do each day the Lord's commands.'

What are your feet for—busy feet?
'To run on errands true and fleet.'

What are your lips for—rosy sweet?
'To speak kind words to all I meet.'

What are your eyes for—starry bright?
'To be the mirrors of God's light.'
—'Our Little Dots.'

George Macdonald once said that the best preparation for the future is the present well seen to.

LESSON I.—JANUARY 3.

The Boyhood of Jesus.

Luke ii., 40-52.

Golden Text.

And Jesus increased in wisdom and stature, and in favor with God and man. Luke ii., 52.

Home Readings.

Monday, Dec. 28.—Luke ii., 40-52.
Tuesday, Dec. 29.—Is. ix., 1-7.
Wednesday, Dec. 30.—Luke i., 26-33.
Thursday, Dec. 31.—Matt. i., 18-25.
Friday, Jan. 1.—John i., 1-14.
Saturday, Jan. 2.—Luke ii., 22-36.
Sunday, Jan. 3.—Matt. ii., 1-12.

40. And the child grew, and waxed strong in spirit, filled with wisdom: and the grace of God was upon him.

41. Now his parents went to Jerusalem every year at the feast of the passover.

42. And when he was twelve years old, they went up to Jerusalem after the custom of the feast.

43. And when they had fulfilled the days, as they returned, the child Jesus tarried behind in Jerusalem; and Joseph and his mother knew not of it.

44. But they, supposing him to have been in the company, went a day's journey; and they sought him among their kinsfolk and acquaintance.

45. And when they found him not, they turned back again to Jerusalem, seeking him.

46. And it came to pass, that after three days they found him in the temple, sitting in the midst of the doctors, both hearing them, and asking them questions.

47. And all that heard him were astonished at his understanding and answers.

48. And when they saw him they were amazed: and his mother said unto him, Son, why hast thou thus dealt with us? behold thy father and I have sought thee sorrowing.

49. And he said unto them, How is it that ye sought me? wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?

50. And they understood not the saying which he spake unto them.

51. And he went down with them, and came to Nazareth, and was subject unto them: but his mother kept all these sayings in her heart.

52. And Jesus increased in wisdom and stature, and in favor with God and man.

(By R. M. Kurtz.)

INTRODUCTION.

In order to teach or to learn one must have the right spirit for approaching the subject and the earnestness for taking hold of it. During the coming six months we are to study the life of Jesus Christ. We should take up this subject with reverence, or else not at all, for there can be no such thing as an irreverent or even merely intellectual understanding of the life of Christ. This is for the devout, spiritually minded student alone. I. Corinthians ii., 14. We are to have before us the most sublime character within the comprehension of man. In its importance no subject can equal that which concerns the destiny of each individual, and this same Jesus is he who opened the way to a glorious eternity for every one who accepts and acknowledges Christ as his divine Saviour.

Sometimes we have great trouble in getting a clear idea of a subject, because we have certain prejudices and notions about it that throw us into confusion when the matter is fully presented. Perhaps then, if we feel any uncertainty about our knowledge of and relations to Christ, it would be well to empty our minds of all human ideas we have had about him, and to begin all over with a humble faith in God's Word about his Son. With the aid of the Spirit these studies upon the life of Christ will make the Bible a new book to each one who, for the first time, really seeks to learn of his Lord. The Scriptures contain rich promises to all who so endeavor. Matthew vi., 33; vii., 7, 8; Luke xi., 28; John xiv., 23-26; James i., 25.

In beginning this study of the life of Christ we should remember, also, that the Bible centres in him. It was not written to explain, in this present life, all the mysterious things that puzzle mortals; the great central purpose of the Scriptures is to reveal Christ to a fallen race. John v., 39; Acts xxvi., 22, 23. In studying about him, then, we have the very heart of the whole matter. With prayerful preparation for the study of this subject of passing importance, let us take up the life of our Lord upon earth.

THE LESSON STUDY.

A careful study of the four Gospels reveals the fact that they represent Christ to us in four different phases or aspects of his character. To refer to the matter briefly, we may say that Matthew writes of Christ as the King of Israel, long expected; Mark, of Christ as the servant of God; Luke, of Christ as the Son of man; and John, of Christ as the Son of God. The present lesson, then, is from the Gospel which treats of him more especially in his human character, as the Son of man.

Verse 40.'And the child grew,' etc. This verse is full of beauty. The Lord from Heaven is described as a healthy, vigorous child, growing up in ways that ought to be normal for every little one that comes into the world. The whole verse might reverently be turned into a prayer by every mother and father, for there is nothing in it that a human parent ought not to desire for his child.

'The grace of God.' That is, the loving favor of his Heavenly Father, a blessing that belongs to every true believer, old and young. See the closing verse of the Bible, and the closing verses of various epistles. The childhood of Jesus shows what childhood has a right to, but of what sin, in most cases, robs it.

Verses 41-45. We find in this passage an account of Christ's visit to Jerusalem when he was twelve yea s old. The Jewish boy became a 'son of the law' at twelve, and then began to take his part in religious duties, so we should expect to see Christ going up to Jerusalem to attend a religious feast when he reached this age.

When the seven days of the Passover were completed the company with which Christ's family came started for home. Though the boy was not with his parents, no attention was paid to it, as the child was accustomed to be much among his neighbors of Nazareth, and no doubt some family of that place was looking after him. The fact that his parents at first showed no great concern shows that he was a boy who could be trusted out of their sight, and whom they could rely upon to look out for himself. At the end of a day's journey they discovered that he was not among the company, and turned back to search the city. What a perfectly human picture! Anxious parents seeking a boy they have lost sight of in a city crowd.

46,47. At the end of three days the boy Jesus is found at the temple among the learned doctors, or teachers, learning and asking questions, a very natural thing for a boy to do, and not out of place for a boy who had now reached the age when he must take part in religious duties. What was surprising was the wisdom displayed by this mere child. This seems to have been the beginning of that wisdom that has been the wonder of sages and the satisfaction of believers ever since his time.

48-50. In this passage we have a very natural and common scene, a mother gently reproving a child that has caused his parents trouble. Here was the great temple, and the astonished crowd of learned men, and the divine child, yet the natural mother nature of Mary asserted itself to claim the loyal obedience of her son.

Notice the answer of Christ. It is not a refusal to go with them, but consists of two questions. In the Greek the word 'business' is omitted, so that apparently a better translation may be, 'Wist ye not that I must be in my Father's house?' a more natural expression in view of their searching for him. They understood him not. In this scene the divine nature flashes from its human covering. He astonishes the doctors with his wisdom, and he recognizes God as his Father. There is a lesson here; we will not find Christ by running after the crowd, not amid the splendors of the city, but in his Father's house. There are divine abiding places as well as human, and there we find him whom our hearts seek.

51, 52. Notice that Christ not only goes with his parents, but he is subject to them. The original denotes continual subjection. Thus Christ sets the great example for childhood. The lesson closes, as it began, with a reference to Christ's continued healthy growth. But in the closing verse he increases 'in favor with God and man.' He was no abnormal, peculiar child, that the neighborhood wondered at, but could not admire nor love, but he was a strong, healthy boy, expanding in heart, and head and body as he grew toward that manhood that so perfectly brought divinity and humanity together.

The next lesson is, 'The Preaching of John the Baptist.' Matthew iii., 1-12.

C. E. Topic

Sunday, Jan. 3.—Topic—The kind of growth I need in 1904. Eph. iv., 11-16.

Junior C. E. Topic.

OUR BIBLE.

Monday, Dec. 28, 1903.—Hear God's word. Deut. iv., 9, 10.

Tuesday, Dec. 29, 1903.—Know the Scriptures. II. Tim. iii., 15.

Wednesday, Dec. 30, 1903.—Understand the Bible. Ps. cxix., 104, 105.

Thursday, Dec. 31, 1903.—Read God's words. Deut. xvii., 19.

Friday, Jan. 1, 1904.—Learn God's words. Deut. xxxi., 12-21.

Saturday, Jan. 2.—'Meditate therein.' Josh. i., 8.

Sunday, Jan. 3.—Topic—Our Bible: what is in it? How shall we use it? John v., 39.

James Buckham has written a poem which pictures the joyous spirit in which we should make our start in the new year:

'"Go, sin no more." These are the Saviour's words.
The past is past. True life is here and now.
With seal of God's forgiveness on thy brow
Greet life's new morning, happy as the birds
That lift their songs when sunshine fills the air;
For God is love, and love is everywhere!'

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A reliable and handsome Fountain Pen, usually sold at $2.00, manufactured by Sandford & Bennett, New York, given to 'Messenger' subscribers for a list of six new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 30 cents each.

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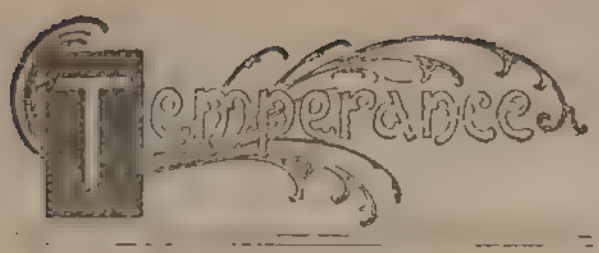

Daddy's Medals.

(A. F. Stephens, in 'Sunday Magazine.')

'But I won't let my Daddy's medals go away to be turned into money. He gave them to me to take care of, and you shan't have them,' and the child looked up defiantly at her mother.

Mrs. Smith drew back somewhat startled. She had never seen Violet in a passion like this before. The beautiful little face was flushed, scarlet to the roots of the golden curls, and the blue eyes were filled with angry tears. She stood defying her mother, her small arms clasped tightly across her chest to secure the two little leather cases that were hidden in the depths of her sailor-blouse.

She was only ten, but she knew full well the reason of the departure of the house furniture and the removal of the pictures one by one until the rooms were empty save for a couple of chairs in the sitting-room and a mattress in the bedroom. Night after night she had lain awake and watched her mother stagger into bed, muttering and murmuring inaudibly, and her small arm had crept round her little brother, hugging him closer to her as though to protect him from any rough usage.

Her father had gone to South Africa with his regiment, and she, young as she was, remembered his last words to his wife:

'Good-bye, Mary; take care of the bairns, and do keep off the drink, and God bless you all!'

To little Violet he had entrusted his two medals won by him in the Soudan, fearing for their safety if his wife took possession of them, and Violet had taken them and cherished them with pride, slipping them under her pillow at night and carrying them in her sailor-blouse by day, and now had come the time when she must fight for them.

Mrs. Smith was not a bad-hearted woman, but when this awful weakness took possession of her she was like a crazy creature. While 'Jim' was at home he had helped her to keep straight, but since he had been away she had gone from bad to worse—without one thought for the little ones who were dependent upon her not only for their home but also for the moulding of their characters and young lives—until she was a hopeless wreck, with no strength left to battle with her temptation.

Everything had been pawned, and in desperation Mrs. Smith had demanded her husband's medals. She had not been prepared for the storm her proposal had raised, and the look of anger mingled with reproach in the child's face brought her to her senses.

Violet never removed her eyes from her mother's face, and slowly the anger died out, leaving an expression of pity and reproach.

Mrs. Smith turned away her head; the honest blue eyes frightened her; they reminded her of her husband and the look he had given her when he bade her good-bye and begged her to keep straight; and, covering her face with her hands, she began to sob like a child.

Presently she felt a small hand thrust into hers, and looking up she found her baby-boy standing by her side.

'Mummie, don't ky; I'll get the medals. I know where Vi keeps them at night; she hides them under her pillow,' he whispered.

Dick was only five, and he felt very angry in his small heart with Violet for making his Mummie cry. Ah, little Dick, Violet is five whole years ahead of you in wisdom.

Mrs. Smith looked hastily round the room, but Violet had gone, and lifting Dick on to her knee she said:

'No, Dicky, never mind now; Mummie doesn't want the medals. Perhaps Violet had better keep them.'

'But, Mummie, you can keep them just as safe as Violet, and she oughtn't to make you ky, I'se sure,' he added, shaking his head reproachfully.

'Oh, well, never mind now, dearie. See, I'm not crying now. Run away and play, that's a good boy,' and she put him down on to the floor and left the house.

When she returned the children were both in bed—Violet had learnt long ago to put Dick to bed as well as herself—and the two were sleeping peacefully.

Once more the awful temptation was upon her; she looked round the room, but could find nothing more to sell, and she must have drink.

Bending over the sleeping children, and holding her breath, she slipped her hand under Violet's pillow and drew out the leather cases. Very stealthily she crept from the room.

As the door closed behind her, Violet opened her eyes and sat up in bad. Slipping her hand under her pillow she felt for the cases—they were gone! She looked at the door; it was shut; she remembered having opened it before getting into bed. Jumping up, she flung a shawl round her shoulders and ran to the head of the staircase just in time to hear the front door close.

She rushed downstairs, quite regardless of her bare feet and scanty clothing, and opening the door was soon in the deserted street and following her mother, whom she could recognize in front of her.

Her small brain was in a turmoil. She knew that, if her mother saw her, she would carry her home and lock her in, and then she would never know where the medals had been sold. And so she crept along, always keeping some distance behind the figure in front of her, till suddenly it turned down a passage and was lost to view. Violet's heart sank, but, breaking into a run, she turned the corner in time to see her mother disappear into a pawnbroker's shop.

Here, then, was the place where things were exchanged for money.

She stood still underneath a gas-lamp, wondering what she should do next, when suddenly a hand was laid upon her shoulder and a man asked kindly:

'Well, little one, and what may you be doing out at this time of night, and with bare feet, too?' he added, looking down at the small pink toes.

Violet lifted her eyes to see who the kindly stranger was, and then, uttering a scream of delight she flung herself into his arms.

'Daddy! daddy!' she cried, 'has God sent you to save them?'

He folded his arms round the little shivering figure.

'My wee lassie,' he said, kissing the soft curls, 'to save what? Why are you here, in these clothes, too?'

And then Violet told him the whole story, and together they waited for Mrs. Smith to come out of the shop.

Fully ten minutes passed, and at last the door opened and she appeared.

Jim Smith started forward, his lassie clasped tightly in his arms.

'Mary!' he called.

She turned guiltily, and came face to face with him. A low cry escaped her, and she shrank back against the wall.

'Jim,' she gasped, 'where have you come from, and when did you come? And Violet, where did you find her?'

He laid his hand upon her shoulder.

'Mary,' he said, gently, 'is this the way you mother our bairns? Is this the way you look after God's charges?'

She did not answer, and he continued:

'You promised me, Mary, that you'd keep off the drink, and you've broken that promise. What would have become of these little ones if I had never come home? I thought my home-coming would have been happier than this,' he said bitterly.

She grasped his arm and looked up at him, tears streaming down his cheeks.

'Oh, Jim,' she sobbed, 'forgive me; it's awful when the craving is on me, I can't resist alone, but now you are back, I'll try, I will.'

Violet raised her head from her father's shoulder.

'Where are Daddy's medals?' she demanded.

'In there,' answered Mrs. Smith, pointing to the door through which she had just come.

Violet struggled out of her father's arms, and seizing his hand she tried to drag him towards the shop.

'Oh, Daddy, do come and get them back. I've kept them safe all this time, and I couldn't bear it if I lost them on the very night you came home.'

But Mrs. Smith had already disappeared, and presently she returned with the medals in her hand.

She pressed them into Violet's hands, saying:

'Here you are, Violet; you see they are quite safe, and now you can give them back to Daddy. And, Jim,' she added, turning to him, 'I will try; those medals shall be my talisman, so God help me.'

They turned homewards, and Jim told them how he had wanted to take them by surprise, but on the way from the station he had come across a little figure clad only in a very short nightgown, and with no hat on her head and no shoes on her feet, and only a shawl to keep her warm, and he pressed the little figure closer to him.

In a very short time the house became the sweet little home it had once been. The medals were hung in a conspicuous place together with a Victoria Cross, and whenever Mary was tempted she looked at them and thought of the man who had won them, and who loved her in spite of all her weakness, and this helped her to fight, and to conquer.

Dr. Banks and the Wife-Beater.

The 'Sunday-School Times' tells this story of Louis Albert Banks, who so often writes for 'The Christian Endeavor World.'

While pastor and principal of the public schools at Vancouver, Wash., Dr. Banks also edited a paper that stood for temperance and reform. An unsigned article one time appeared in its columns against wife-beating, a prevalent evil there. A saloon-keeper, notorious for wife-beating, and credited with the murder of at least one man, swore he would kill young Banks on sight.

The friends of the editor and preacher pleaded with him to remain in his house till the excitement blew over; but Banks had more important business on hand than hiding for his life. He went about his daily duties. Met by the enraged saloon-keeper, the name of the writer of the obnoxious article was demanded. As he had not written it himself, the editor declined to give the name.

Expert at killing though he was, the saloon-keeper's hand shook with passion, and spoiled his aim. He only succeeded in shooting Dr. Banks through the thigh. Then, seeing him still standing, he started in to brain him with the butt of his pistol.

But by this time a burly blacksmith had dashed across the street, and dragged the saloon-keeper away by his two ears. Three years in the penitentiary cooled the latter's ardor, while two weeks' care of the wounded leg saw Dr. Banks in the pulpit again, where, for six weeks, he preached sitting with his leg stretched out on some chairs.

He takes great delight now in telling how his would-be murderer, after his release from the penitentiary, would always salute him on the street in a most dignified way, gravely raising his hat as he passed.

Your Own Paper Free.

'Northern Messenger' subscribers may have their own subscriptions extended one year, free of charge, by remitting sixty cents for two new subscriptions.

Correspondence

Merry Christmas and Happy New Year.

In your own happy times do not forget the thousands of children who have no kind parents like yours to provide for them. If you want to know what you can do for the orphans of Armenia and India, write to Miss Emily Wheeler, 40 King street, Worcester, Mass., U.S.A. A bright boy or girl can be given a home and training for a year for only $20 in India, and $25 in Armenia. Perhaps your own family would like to care for one of these children, or perhaps your Sabbath-school class. Remember them in your prayers, anyway, that some one may provide for them. Miss Wheeler will gladly receive any offerings, however small.

Another little list of the names of our friends who have written lately:—Bertha Maria A., Eva M. Kemp, Katie C. M., Archie W., Elsie Healy, Bessie M. Williamson, Clara M. R., Freda Chard, Grace Mingo, Armond D. Cooper, Inez J. C., Gracie B. Nickels, Gladys C., Edward F. C., Freda Racicot, Mary E. Fraser,

Will Katie Mills and Archie Wigglesworth please read carefully the letter from the Editor in the Correspondence of Dec. 4. This explains about the birthday list. Mary E. Fraser's enquiry will be answered in the Questions and Answers Department of the 'Witness.'

SUCCESSFUL SCRIPTURE SEARCHERS.

Robert McAllum, 14; John D. McPherson, 11; William C. Jonah.

SUCCESSFUL TINIES.

Mabel M. Rogers, Stella Hilts, E. C. C., John McP.

SPECIAL COMPETITION IN I. PETER.

Roy McHardy, Robert McAllum.

TEXT HUNT FOR TINIES.

(Boys and Girls under eight.)

Between Matthew viii. and Matthew xviii. find this verse:—'Freely ye have received, freely give.'

In Ephesians find the following:—'Forgiving one another even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you.'

Find these without concordance.

EDITOR OF CORRESPONDENCE.

OUR BIRTHDAY BOOK.

DECEMBER.

1.

So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom. Ps. xc., 12.

Hugh Miller.

2.

Abide in me and I in you. Jno. xii., 36.
Lois A. Sexsmith, Mabel Armstrong.

3.

If ye love me keep my commandments. Jno. xiv., 15.

Ada A. Butcher, Gertrude Target, Isaac B. Peers, Mary J. Webster, Edwin Cullen.

4.

If ye know these things happy are ye if ye do them. Jno. xiii., 17.

Mildred Colp.

5.

In quietness and confidence shall be your strength. Isa. xxx., 15.

6.

Fight the good fight of faith. I. Tim. vi., 12.

Myrtle McManus, Gordon B. Baird.

7.

God is able to make all grace abound toward you. II. Cor. ix., 8.

8.

Covet earnestly the best gifts. I. Cor. xii., 31.

9.

As thy days so shall thy strength be. Deut. xxxiii., 25.

Nettie L. McNeil.

10.

Hold fast that which is good. I. Thes. v., 21.

11.

Let us not love in word, neither in tongue, but in deed and in truth. I. Jno. iii., 18.

A. M. E. McDonald, Annie Nony.

12.

Looking unto Jesus. Heb. xii., 2.

John Beatty.

13.

Rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep. Rom. xii., 15.

Charlie L. Wood, Ada A. J.

14.

Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might. Eccles. ix., 10.

Annie Mary McLeod, Mabel Swanson.

15.

We walk by faith, not by sight. II. Cor. v., 7.

Lucy A. E. Lowther, Everette H. Zwicker, Leah Roberts.

16.

Commit thy way unto the Lord. Ps. xxxvii., 5.

Agnes Hall, J. G. Dunlop.

17.

Rejoice in the Lord always. Phil iv., 4.

Jennie A. McNayor, Amy Fawcett.

18.

Ye serve the Lord Christ. Col. iii., 24.

19.

Whatsoever ye do, do it heartily as to the Lord. Col. iii., 23.

Simon A. Campbell.

20.

Let us consider one another to provoke unto love and good works. Heb. x., 24.

21.

He will not fail thee nor forsake thee. Deut, xxxi., 6.

Sarah E. Zwicker, Gertie Dand.

22.

Whom having not seen ye love. I. Peter i., 8.

23.

Thine eyes shall see the king in his beauty. Isa. xxxiii., 17.

Harris Zwicker, Nessie Rea Patterson, Hattie Zwicker.

24.

We shall see him as he is. I. Jno. iii., 2.

Anna May Rutter, Lena Porter.

25.

Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world. Jno. i., 29.

Florence Long, J. McCaskill.

26.

Casting all your care on him. I Pet. v. 7.

D. J. Bradley.

27.

Call unto me and I will answer thee. Jer. xxxiii., 3.

William E. Simpson, Berta C. Forbes, Morton Hall.

28.

Seek ye first the kingdom of God. Matt. vi., 33.

29.

Let us seek after the things which make for peace. Rom. xiv., 19.

Alice Porter.

30.

Great peace have they that love thy law. Ps. cxix., 156.

Ella Pardy.

31.

Until the day break and the shadows flee away. Cant. ii., 17.

Lula T. N., William A. Duncan.

Pleasant View Farm,
Forester's Falls, Ont.

Dear Editor,—If spared to see Dec. 23, I shall be five years old, and my little brother will be four on Feb. 13. When mamma was about my age, grandma gave her the 'Northern Messenger,' and she has taken it ever since, and is now transferring it to me.

Josie and I live all alone with mamma, for God called our dear papa home to heaven one year and a half ago. Never was there a kinder papa. We loved him dearly, and are now very lonely without him. I have one grandpa and grandma, also one great-grandmother. One of my great-grandfather's was a soldier, and another one was noted for his great strength. He owned a shanty and hewed logs for forty successive winters. Some other time, if I may, I will tell you something about him. Before our house stands a shapely oak tree that has a history. Thirty-three years ago last harvest a most destructive fire passed over this part of the country, leaving desolation and distress in its wake. After it had passed by my great-grandmother found a slender oak sapling that had miraculously escaped complete destruction. Although it was scorched and twisted, yet she resolved, if possible, to save it, and to that end loosened the soil around its roots, cooled the hot earth with cold water, and tied the tree firmly to a stout stake which she drove into the ground. That tree in its summer dress of green is an ornament of which we are justly proud.

In our garden are some beautiful little spruce and balsam trees; also two Manitoba maples, that we value very highly, as they were planted by our dear papa.

NESSIE REA P.

Nasonworth, York Co.

Dear Editor,—My birthday is on Dec. 31, and I will be ten years old. I had a party my last birthday, and I had nine little girls invited. We had a very good time. Papa took us for a drive on the big sled in the evening. I live on a farm. I have one brother and one sister. I live about a quarter of a mile from the schoolhouse, and I go to school every day. My sister is going to get subscribers for the 'Northern Messenger,' so as to get a Bible. I wish you a Merry Christmas.

LULA T. M.

Latimer, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I thought I would write and thank you for the fountain pen you sent me. I think it is very nice. I was not two hours getting the six subscribers. I live on a farm, and we have over forty sheep, and milk twenty-eight cows. I like to go to school. I have one sister. We like our teacher. Her name is Miss S. I would like to know where the boy lives that said he was five feet five inches tall. I think he should have told where he lived and have signed his full name. I am twelve years old, and I am five feet two inches, and I think I am pretty tall. I have a temperance piece to recite at our Christmas-tree. I like to read the 'Messenger.' This is my first writing with my new pen. HAROLD B. L.

(This boy received the fountain pen for sending six new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at thirty cents each. This opportunity is open to every boy or girl to secure a reliable fountain pen.)

HOUSEHOLD.

AnEducational Reform

There was an unusually happy look on the faces of a company of children as they tripped lightly down the steps of one of our grammar schoolhouses the other day carrying their books and pictures and their paint boxes strapped together, to be put away on closet shelves for three delightful months. The examinations were over. The marks had all been made. One and another asked eagerly, 'Did you pass? What did you get in geography, what in arithmetic, what in spelling?' The questions were asked and answered with intense interest.

'O but I was glad when I saw my teacher marking the tens up to eighty-seven for me in geography,' said one sweet-faced little girl.

'How much did you get in arithmetic?' inquired her older sister. The countenance of the younger one fell as she replied, 'I ain't going to tell.'

'Ah, I'll bet you didn't pass,' retorted the older sister.

'Well, I don't care if I didn't,' came the somewhat spiteful response.

'Oh, you weren't going to tell,' exclaimed the sister, with a triumphant air.

'I haven't told what I got,' said the little one, with a pert look on her face, as she bounded along home quite merrily, as if determined that the low marks should not weigh upon her. She opened the door into the hall and shouted, 'Mamma, I had eighty-seven in geography,' and as the mother leaned over the stairs, saying, 'Fine! fine!' the little one whispered, 'and only forty-five in arithmetic.'

'Forty-five!' repeated the mother, slowly and solemnly, 'then you won't pass, will you?'

'I don't know, and I don't care,' came the reply. 'They give us awfully hard examples. They're too hard for such little kids as we are.'

The next day the mother and one of her neighbors looked over the examples and came to the same conclusion, that they were altogether too hard for 'such little kids.' They were not surprised that the brains of some of them were overtaxed by the problems given them, and by the 'number work' which made them so unnaturally intense. The neighbor said her little boy was tired out with that work, but still determined to be at the head of the class. When she said to him, 'Don't try to work so hard. You need not mind if you cannot do all those examples,' he straightened himself like a little major, and replied: "Do you think I'll be second in that class, mother? I never have been, and I never will be.' Then shortly after he was quite ill with a fever, and his mother asked: 'How do you feel, Charley, where are you sick?' he put his hand to his head and said, 'O I feel as if there were wheels going round and round in my head.'

Some days thereafter several mothers were sitting on a porch talking earnestly on some subject when a doctor called to see a little patient. He stopped a moment, and jokingly asked, 'Are you having a [illegible]us there?'

'Yes,' replied one of the ladies, 'an educational caucus. We are protesting against too much education, particularly too much arithmetic in our schools for the little folks. You doctors ought to look after this and help us in the protest. We want the intense, quick number work required of the children dropped, and less arithmetic taught them. We believe it would be a good deal better and easier for them to begin the study of the languages, and devote more time to history, poetry, mythology, memory studies.'

'I'm with you in that,' said the doctor, 'I'd join your caucus if I had the time, although I do not think you need me. If the mothers,' he continued, 'would visit the schools more often and create public sentiment against much that is done in them, changes and reforms might be then brought about.' Then he hastened in and up stairs to see the little boy eight years old who was in a high fever and was saying, 'If I must go to the "number-down" to-morrow. I'm going to be there if I do have a fever.'

'Have you heard that sensible, psychological lecture by Mrs. Browning, on some of the evils of this intense number work,' inquired one of the ladies on the porch, 'and do you remember what she said about stuttering?' The other ladies had not heard the lecture. They asked their friend to tell them about it.

'Why, she proved conclusively that the stuttering of children was greatly on the increase, and that in the majority of cases it would be attributed and traced directly to the intense attitude which children had acquired in doing their examples, and what in many schools they call their quick number work. She allowed,' continued the speaker, 'that there are many teachers who with winning manners could and did get satisfactory work from their pupils, but she asserted that the large majority of teachers were so intense themselves, they inspired fear in the children, and by rapping on the blackboards and repeating again and again, in short, agitated manner, "quick, quick," as the eager lookers-on applied their young minds to the adding, subtracting, multiplying and dividing the long lines of figures they had unconsciously taught them to stutter. Many mothers who had taken their children from school and had them tutored at home or placed in private school with teachers who were serene, reposeful, enthusiastic and encouraging, had been made happy by seeing this habit of stuttering, and that of an unnatural attitude of fear corrected.'

That mothers' caucus decided most emphatically that in these particulars there should be a reform in all our schools, that children should not be pressed so hard and so far in the study of arithmetic nor be graded by that study alone. They expressed the hope that mothers and fathers everywhere would agitate the subject until a beneficial change should be brought about which would allow the brains of the little ones to develop more naturally.—'Standard.'

Eating for Strength

Dr. Robert Hutchison, who is demonstrator in physiology at the London Hospital Medical College, is ruthlessly destroying some cherished fallacies about food.

'The main fault in our national feeding,' he said, 'is that we consume too much starch and sugar and too little fat. Many of the children grow up stunted and badly developed, largely because of the deficiencies in feeding. Butter as a food is of the highest value, and the use of margarine should be greatly increased. Margarine is a substance that does not deserve all the opprobrium poured upon it. It is made in a way that is open to no sort of objection. It is physiologically equal to butter, is easily digested, and is an excellent supplier of energy. Lentils, peas, haricot beans and oatmeal should be eaten, and meat in proper quantities. Oatmeal should be given to children, particularly in place of the bread-and-jam.

'I would not urge the town-dweller to be a vegetarian,' continued Dr. Hutchison, 'but I would advise the poor that they can get a much larger quantity of waste-repairing and energy and heat-forming food for a shilling in the form of pulse food than in meat or animal form. The home bloater, too, is one of the cheapest sources of material for properly building up the human body.

'The economist would do well, too, to teach the wife of the working-man how to prepare cheese in various ways. Cheese is an extremely nourishing food, but taken in its ordinary state it is somewhat difficult of digestion. If mixed up with other things in various ways it can be better dealt with by the stomach. Some things largely taken are of no use in keeping up the human fabric and supplying energy. Tea is one of these things, and the much-lauded meat extracts are certainly not of any use in replacing the wear and tear of the body.'

The lecturer added that the superior energy of the American workmen had been attributed to their avoidance of some of the food fallacies of the English.—London 'Mail.'

THE WONDERFUL COMFORT BAG.

(Julia Williams, in the 'New England Homestead.')

Louise was an invalid. It all came very suddenly, and it seemed doubly hard that one so young should be forced to such a dreary life.

When well, she had the greatest faculty of doing things for people. Somehow Louise always knew exactly what a body needed. It wasn't by spending a lot of money—Louise didn't have much money.

She lived at home and helped her mother, just as ever so many girls do. But she managed to find time to trim a hat for Mrs. Blake or show Margaret Jenson, who had just gone to housekeeping, how to make bread.

But now Louise was sick and her friends instead of spending their time lamenting the fact, set to work to find a way of making her forget her ills. Besides, they wanted her to know she was 'one of the girls' just as much as ever.

'We'll make a comfort bag,' they agreed. It was a big, generous-looking affair, made of silkaline drawn together by a broad satin ribbon at the top. Into this each one of the girls (and older people, too) put one or two articles. Each gift was made into a package with the giver's name inside, and Louise was told to take one parcel from the bag each day.

Among the things put in were books, small pictures, a kimona, pretty calendars, several games, a collection of kodak pictures of familiar places, a small locket, a little book in which was written a collection of funny stories and jokes, a bottle of bay rum and one of the invalid's favorite perfume, pretty handkerchiefs, several selections of poetry mounted on cards, a hand-painted frame containing a photograph of the giver, and many more, which through her long weeks of illness were a constant joy and reminded her of how many lovely people there were in the big world; but Louise always knew that.

Let us not be afraid to start because the beginnings must be small. When Booker T. Washington made his start at Tuskegee the school was held in a vacant henhouse, and the roof leaked so that a scholar had to hold an umbrella over his head when it rained. Now it costs $82,000 a year just for the necessary expenses of running that school. God will see to the rest of it, if we only make a good start.

PATENT REPORT.

Below will be found a list of patents recently granted to foreigners by the Canadian Government, through the agency of Messrs. Marion & Marion, Patent Attorneys, Montreal, Can., and Washington, D.C.

Nos. 83,642, Henri Harmot, St. Etienne Le Marais (Loire), France, process of casting steel ingots; 83,655, Gustav Tuschel, Odessa, Russia, quick varnish composition; 83,768, T. H. Ibotson & R. Meldrum, Kent, Eng., process for the manufacture or production of asbestos, millboards, slates, etc.; 83,840, Christian C. van der Walk, Voorburg, Holland, gold washing machine; 83,889, Arthur Krebs, Paris, France, oil engine; 83,979, Henry Jas. Brooke, Svendborg, Denmark, ship's anchors; 84,105, Gustaf Erikson, Sodertelge, Sweden, internal combustion engine; 84,112, David Alfven, Stockholm, Sweden, apparatus for separating butter from milk.

A GOODLY COMPANY OF SUBSCRIBERS.

'The 'Witness' will always have a certain constituency' is the expression of a well-informed newspaper directory for advertisers. This remark has a meaning which advertisers of experience thoroughly appreciate. This certain constituency is well understood to be those members of the community who are everywhere found on the side of every good cause and actively opposed to every evil which threatens the community. These are the saving element in every community. Without them the country would fail to rise to better things. Such people, if they have made the acquaintance of the 'Witness,' generally feel a personal relationship to it. They cannot do without it themselves, and they busy themselves to get others to take it.

A TOUCHSTONE.

Those whose calling it is to travel the country in the interests of religious and moral movements are in the habit of saying to us that they can know the character of a neighborhood by whether the 'Witness' has a hold upon it or not. If there is a region which has a bad reputation along the country side, they are sure that the 'Witness' will not be found there. If the place is noted for its thrift and its virtues, there the 'Witness' is likely to be found in force. The sentiment of those who thus know the country has always been one of warm attachment to the 'Witness.'

A LOVED FRIEND.

If you ever come to our part of the country, we often hear, you will be received with open arms, for the people all love the 'Witness.'

Another remark we often hear is that a man was brought up on the 'Witness.' It was a member of the family, and that he cannot part with it on any terms.

THE NEW SERIAL.

The new serial, entitled 'It is Never too Late to Mend,' will also prove an attraction. Those subscribing any time during December will, on request, be sent copies containing any of the earlier chapters that they may have missed.

'It is Never too Late to Mend,' by Charles Reade, is a story of true love and righteousness overcoming hatred and wickedness. The story runs rapidly through a strong plot and vivid picturing, and the reader seems to live for a time in an English prison, and for a time in a gold miner's camp, when the Australian gold fever was at its height. Largely as a result of this story sweeping prison reforms were effected in England shortly after its publication. One of the heroes of the tale just died the other day in England.

THE BARGAIN COUNTER.

There are people who always think they have saved when they have got a thing cheap regardless of quality. You can buy a gilt chain for a tenth-part of the price of a genuine gold one. If one gets a newspaper for less than its materials are worth, he must assume that somebody else is paying for it, as, for instance, a political or a financial interest, or possibly by revenue from injurious advertising. The paper that serves no interest but that of the public, the public must pay for. The paper that does not bow to the great corporations and moneyed combinations loses their patronage. Think not that it does not cost to keep a free pen. A large proportion of advertising is the price accepted for bondage. The paper that will not accept all the advertising support within reach, and that will not shape its course by advertising patronage, must be paid for by its readers.

SAMPLE COPIES ON APPLICATION.

Any present subscriber to the 'Witness' will be glad to send your subscription with his own this month, if you ask him to. The subscription to the 'Daily Witness' is three dollars, and the 'Weekly Witness' one dollar a year.

Or you can remit with your own 'Messenger' renewal as follows:—For 'Daily Witness' and 'Messenger,' $3.25; for 'Weekly Witness' and 'Messenger,' $1.25.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Publishers, Montreal, Canada.

'Witness' Appreciations.

Brantford, Ont.

I read a number of papers on both sides of politics, and although I am an old Scotch Tory, the good old 'Witness' is my favorite paper. If I was limited to only one paper I would without one moment's hesitation retain the 'Witness.' It has a moral atmosphere about it which is lacking in most of the political papers, and disputed subjects are handled in a most dispassionate and impartial manner, and there is such a vast amount of literary matter not to be found in any other paper, which makes it a complete family paper.

I remain, yours respectfully,
ROBERT BURNS.

Canyon, Alta.

Speaking personally, I find that as with the 'Witness' (once a subscriber always a subscriber) so is it with 'World Wide.'

In fact, if you were to double the present low price I should not be able to do without them.

It would cost more than double to get a substitute for 'World Wide.'

As to the 'Witness,' so far as my experience goes, no substitute can be found.

Truly yours,
A. A. ASH.

Toronto, Ont.

Please find within my fiftieth annual subscription to the 'Witness.' My first was when entering on my first pastoral charge some time in 1853, and I have taken it steadily since. I like the 'Witness' as a family paper. Its moral tone is always high, and its columns contain nothing unfit for the purest Christian home. I like especially the decided stand it has always taken on the question of temperance. In the recent movement in Ontario the party political papers were so afraid of the consequences to their respective parties that they dare not take any decided part on the one side or the other. The 'Witness,' unshackled by party ties, looks to the good of the country first and the moral elevation of society.

(Rev.) P. LINDSAY.

Cottonwood, Assa., Nov. 10, 1903.

Dear Editor 'Weekly Witness.'

Please find enclosed one dollar for subscription to your valuable newspaper for 1904. We would feel that we lost much if we failed to receive your paper. The Medical Department alone has been of much more value to us than the price of the paper, but most of all we value its moral tone in every department.

MRS. H. NEVILLE.

Ashville, N.C.

Enclosed please find one dollar to renew my subscription to the 'Weekly Witness.' I cannot afford to do without the 'Witness' on account of the reliability of your editorials. Respectfully,
THOS. M. HENRY.

Orillia, Ont.

The editorials of the 'Witness' continue to occupy the front rank among the newspapers of Canada, and, as a clean and healthy family paper, full of instructive and interesting news, it has no equal. I was very highly pleased with the timely and valuable aid given by the 'Witness' during the Referendum Campaign in Ontario. Long may the 'Witness' live and testify on behalf of the good, the right and the true. Yours truly,
(Rev.) JOHN GRAY.

Athens, Ont., Dec. 4, 1903.

Enclosed please find three dollars for renewal subscription to 'Daily Witness.' Could not do without it in my family. Never afraid of children finding objectionable matter in it. Your stand on all moral questions deserves the support of all God-fearing people. A Merry Christmas.
T. S. KENDRICK.

'WORLD WIDE.'

A Weekly Reprint of Articles from the Leading Journals and Reviews Reflecting the Current Thought of Both Hemispheres.

This remarkable and most readable journal has pushed its way, in a short time, beyond all expectations—chiefly owing to the good-will of its rapidly-growing constituency. Without wisdom of its own, 'World Wide' reflects the wisdom of the age—the day—the hour—the moment. Without opinions of its own 'World Wide' beats to the tick of modern British and American thought. 'World Wide' has found its place on the study table. Preachers, teachers, writers and thinkers generally have hailed it as a new and most welcome companion. As a pleasant tonic—a stimulant to the mind, 'World Wide' has no peer—at the price, no equal among the journals of the day.

An effort is made to select the articles each week so that due proportion is given to the various fields of human interest—to the shifting scenes of the world's great drama, to letters and science and beautiful things.

As some one has said '"World Wide" is a feast of reason—an intellectual treat.'

Regular readers of 'World Wide' are kept in touch with the world's thinking.

'World Wide' Appreciations

Halifax, N.S., Nov. 21, 1903.

I am delighted with a stray copy of World Wide.' . . Please send it me to the above address for a year, for which find a dollar bill enclosed. I am delighted to see there is no light literature in it, and trust you will never be tempted to publish a serial dreadful or to pad it with inane circus jokes. I am,

Your friend of five minutes' sitting,
MAXWELL DRENNAN, M.A.

'LITERARY MASTERPIECES.'

Mr. R. H. Dunbar, of Staples, Minn., a subscriber to 'World Wide,' says:—'World Wide' is the best thing I have ever read. The selections are masterpieces and should be in the home of every English-speaking family.'

The Manse, St. John's, Nfld.

I have all the issues of 'World Wide,' and intend to bind and preserve them. The paper is immense; the very thing a busy man requires.

(Rev.) ANDREW ROBERTSON.

Minton, Que.

I admire 'World Wide' very much. It is worth double the money.—Yours,

(Rev.) F. W. BATES.

Sarnia, Ont.

'World Wide' is the most interesting paper I read, and at a dollar a year is the cheapest paper in Canada. It should have a very large subscription list.

A. C. CLARK.

Mono Mills, Ont.

I am delighted with 'World Wide.' Every copy is a feast.

(Rev.) W. F. FERRIER.

Milton, N.S.

Enclosed please find $1.00, a renewal to my subscription to the 'World Wide.' I am not certain when my subscription runs out, so am renewing now in order that I may not lose the reading of one copy. I find it invaluable in my work.

MISS A. T. FREEMAN, Teacher.

Witaskiwin, Alberta.

I take great pleasure in sending you a new subscription to 'World Wide,' and am renewing my own. Your paper more than fills the place of the United States publication to which I formerly subscribed, and which cost me three times as much. If the prices should be reversed, I would still stick to 'World Wide.'

I beg to congratulate you on the improvements you have made in 'World Wide,' and trust that an increase in your subscription list will enable you to make further improvements as you may consider necessary. Wishing you a large increase in your subscription list.

JOHN S. WARREN.

Howard's Academy, Sandys, Bermuda.

I am much pleased with 'World Wide,' so replete with current thought upon momentous subjects.

E. G. TUCKER.

Toronto, Dec. 2, 1903.

You have one dollar enclosed—an express order payable at Montreal—to renew my subscription to the 'World Wide,' which I have taken this will be for the third year. It has more good stuff in it than any paper of its size that I know. It is an intellectual treat every week. It puts one in touch with the brightest minds of the day in and out of the Empire. I congratulate you on gathering together such a lot of good things at such a price.

Let me say of the old Montreal 'Witness,' the first number of which must have been published about the year 1845—nearly sixty years ago—that it came to my father's house in Chippewa when I was a boy. I remember that it had a wood-cut of D'Aubigne, the author of the 'Reformation in Europe,' on the first page.

I am, dear sirs, yours truly,
JOHN FLETT.

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Publishers, Montreal.

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Lancaster, Ont.

We cannot do without the 'Witness.' If it should cease to be published, Canada would change its character for the worse inside of ten years.

(Rev.) J. U. TANNER.

Covina, California.

I greatly appreciate the 'Witness'—clean, strong and thoroughly Canadian. Yes, and loyal to the old Mother land. Stick to the OLD MIGHTY EMPIRE—united, invincible—distintegrated, the prey of all nations. Faithfully yours,

(Signed), HARCOURT W. PECK,
Pastor Meth. Epis. Church.

Elmsdale, P.E.I.

Enclosed find one dollar for renewal of your very newsy and invaluable paper, the 'Weekly Witness.' We have taken it for years, and would rather have it than any other paper.

LOUIS RENNIE.

Cookstown, Ont.

In a few words I wish to say that the arrival of the 'Witness' each week is welcomed as the visit of a friend. We could not do without the 'Witness' very well.

I remain, yours truly,
THOS. ELLIOTT.

Madoc, Ont.

Herewith I enclose a P.O. note for $1.50 for the 'Weekly Witness' and 'World Wide.'

The 'Witness' was the first paper I ever read, at least, so far as I can remember, and I wish my children to read it. My father was intimately acquainted with the founder of the 'Witness,' and never ceased to regard him with affection and respect. May the 'Witness' long continue to flourish.

Yours truly,
W. MACKINTOSH,
Inspector of Schools, N. Hastings.

Burlington, Ont.

Among all the papers that come into our house, there is none to which I turn with the same confidence. When I want to know what to think of any proposed political measure or movement and I do not know all that lies behind it, I always feel safe in judging of its moral quality by the attitude of the 'Witness' towards it. That is one reason why I want it. I am not sure that other papers do not give 'ex parte' statements. Thirty years' acquaintance with the 'Witness' has shown that it stands for the right and the true, irrespective of persons or parties. Then my family want it because of its general interest.

Yours sincerely,
(Rev.) J. MOYLE.

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